

From Hood's (London) Magazine.  
**THE WORKHOUSE CLOCK.**  
BY THE EDITOR.

There's a murmur in the air,  
And noise in every street—  
The murmur of many tongues,  
The noise of numerous feet—  
While round the Workhouse door  
The Laboring Classes flock,  
For why? the Overseer of the Poor  
Is setting the Workhouse clock.

Who does not hear the tramp  
Of thousands speeding along  
Of either sex and various stamp,  
Sickly, crippled, or strong,  
Walking, limping, creeping  
From court, and alley, and lane,  
But all in one direction sweeping  
Like rivers that seek the main?

Who does not see them sally  
From mill, and garret, and room,  
In lane, and court, and alley,  
From homes in poverty's lowest valley,  
Furnished with shuttle and loom—  
Poor slaves of Civilization's galley,  
And in the road and footway rally,  
As if for the Day of Doom?  
Some, of hardly human form,  
Stunted, crooked, and crippled by toll;  
Dingy with smoke and dust and oil,  
And smirch'd besides with vicious soil,  
Clustering, mustering, all in a swarm,  
Father, mother, and careful child,  
Looking as if it had never smiled—  
The Sempstress, lean, and weary, and wan,  
With only the ghosts of garments on—  
The Weaver, her sallow neighbor,  
The grim and sooty Artisan:  
Every soul—child, woman, or man,  
Who lives—or dies—by labor.

Stirred by an overwhelming zeal,  
And social impulse, a terrible throng!  
Leaving shuttle and needle and wheel,  
Furnace, and grindstone, spindle and reel,  
Thread and yarn and iron and steel—  
Yea, rest and the yet untasted meal—  
Gushing, rushing, crushing along,  
A very torrent of Man!  
Urged by the sighs of sorrow and wrong,  
Grown at last to a hurricane strong,  
Stop its course who can!  
Stop who can its onward course  
And irresistible moral force;  
O! vain and idle dream!  
For surely as men are all akin,  
Whether of fair or sallow skin,  
According to Nature's scheme,  
That Human Movement contains within  
A Blood-Power stronger than Steam.

Onward, onward, with hasty feet,  
They swarm—and westward still—  
Mashed born to drink and eat,  
Eat starved amidst Whitechapel's meat,  
And famishing down Cornhill!  
Through the Poultry—but still unfed—  
Christian Charity, hang your head!  
Hungry—passing the Street of Bread,  
Thirsty—the street of Milk;  
Ragged—beside the Ludgate Mart,  
So gorgeous, through Mechanic-Art,  
With cotton, and wool, and silk!

At last, before that door  
That bears so many a knock  
Ere it ever opens to Sick or Poor,  
Like sheep they huddle and flock—  
And would that all the Good and Wise  
Could see the Milton of hollow eyes,  
With a gleam deriv'd from Hope and the skies  
Upturned to the Workhouse Clock!

O! that the Parish Powers,  
Who regulate Labor's hours,  
The daily amount of human trial,  
Weariness, pain, and self-denial  
Would turn from the artificial dial  
That striketh ten or eleven,  
And go, for once, by that older one  
That stands in the light of Nature's sun,  
And takes its time from Heaven!

**NEVER GIVE IT UP.**  
Never give it up! It is wiser and better  
Always to hope than once to despair;  
Fling off the loads of Doubt's cankering  
Fetter,  
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care:  
Never give up! or the burden may sink you;  
Providence has kindly mingled the cup,  
And, in all trials or troubles, bethink you,  
The watchword of life must be, Never  
Give up!

Never give up! there are chances and changes  
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,  
And through the chaos High Wisdom ar-  
ranges  
Ever success—if you'll only hope on:  
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,  
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,  
Is the true watchword of Never give up!

Never give up!—though the grape-shot may  
rattle!  
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst,  
Stand like a rock—and the storm of the bat-  
tle  
Little shall harm you, though doing their  
worst,  
Niver give up! if adversity presses,  
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,  
And the best counsel in all your distresses,  
Is the stout watchword of Never give up!

**THE WELCOME BACK.**  
Sweet is the hour that brings us home,  
Where all will spring to meet us;  
Where hands are striving as we come,  
To be the first to greet us.  
When the world hath spent its frowns and  
wrath,  
And care bears sorely pressing,  
'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,  
And find a fire-side blessing.  
O, joyfully dear is the homeward track,  
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

What is the worth of a diamond ring,  
To the glance that flashes pleasure;  
Where the world that welcome back betray  
We form a heart's chief treasure?  
O, joyfully dear is the homeward track,  
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**LITTLE ANNA'S RAMBLE.**

BY RUTHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

*Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong!*

The town-crier has rung his bell, at a dis-  
tant corner, and little Annie stands on her  
father's door-step, trying to hear what the  
man with the loud voice is talking about.—  
Let me listen too. Oh! he is telling the  
people that an elephant, and a lion, and a  
royal tiger, and a horse with horns, and other  
strange beasts from foreign countries,  
have come to town, and will receive all visitors  
who choose to wait upon them. Per-  
haps little Annie would like to go. Yes;  
and I can see that the pretty child is weary  
of this wide and pleasant street, with the  
green trees flinging their shade across the  
quiet sunshine, and the pavement of the  
sidewalks all as clean as if the house-  
maid had just swept them with her broom. She  
feels that impulse to go strolling away—that  
longing after the mystery of the great world  
which many children feel, and which I felt  
in my childhood.

Little Annie shall take a ramble with me.  
See! I do but hold out my hand, and, like  
some bright bird in the sunny air, with her  
blue silk frock fluttering upwards from her  
white pantalettes, she comes bounding on tip-  
toe across the street.

Smooth back your brown curls, Annie;  
and let me tie on your bonnet, and we will  
set forth. What a strange couple to go on  
their rambles together! One walks in black  
attire, with a measured step, and a heavy  
brow, and his thoughtful eyes bent down,  
while the glad little girl trips lightly along,  
as if she were forced to keep hold of my  
hand, lest her feet should dance away from  
the earth. Yet there is sympathy between  
us. If I pride myself on any thing, it is be-  
cause I have a smattering of children lore; and  
on the other hand, there are few grown la-  
dies that could enter me from the side of  
little Annie; for I delight to let my mind go  
hand in hand with the mind of a careless  
child. So come, Annie; but if I moralize as  
we go, do not listen to me, only look about  
you, and be merry!

Now we elbow our way among the throng  
again. It is curious, in the most crowded  
part of a town, to meet with living creatures  
who had their birth-place in some far soli-  
tude, but have acquired a second nature in  
the wilderness of men. Look up, Annie, at  
that canny bird, hanging out of the window  
in his cage. Poor little fellow! His golden  
feathers are all trampled in this smoky sun-  
shine; he would have glistened twice as  
brightly among the summer islands; but  
still he has become a citizen in all his tastes  
and habits, and would not sing half so well  
without the uproar that drowns his music.—  
What a pity that he does not know how mis-  
erable he is! There is a parrot, too, calling  
out, "Pretty Polly! Pretty Polly!" as we pass  
by. Foolish bird! to be talking about her  
prettiness to strangers, especially as she is  
not a pretty Polly, though grandly dressed in  
green and yellow. If she had said "pretty  
Annie," there would have been some sense  
in it. See that gray squirrel, at the door of  
the fruit-shop, whirling round and round so  
merrily within his wire wheel! Being con-  
demned to the treadmill he makes it an  
amusement. Admirable philosophy!

Here comes a big, rough dog, a country-  
man's dog in search of his master: looking  
at every body's heels, and touching little  
Annie's hand with his cold nose, but hurrying  
away, though she would fain have pat-  
ted him. Success to your search, Fidelity!  
And there sits a great yellow cat upon a  
sculpture-sill, a very corpulent and comfort-  
able cat, gazing at this transitory world, with  
cool eyes, and making pitying comments,  
doubtless, on what may appear such to the  
silly beast. Oh, ease pass, make room for  
me beside you, and we will be a pair of phi-  
losophers!

Here we see something to remind us  
of the town-crier and his ding-dong bell! Look!  
look at that great cloth spread out in the air,  
pictured all over with wild beasts, as if they  
had met together to choose a king, according  
to their custom in the days of Aescop. But  
they are choosing neither a king nor a presi-  
dent; else we should hear a most horrible  
snarling! They have come from the deep  
woods, and the wild mountains, and the de-  
sert sands, and the polar snows, only to do  
homage to my little Annie. As we enter  
among them, the great elephant makes us a  
bow, in the best style of elephantine cour-  
tesy, bending lowly down his mountain bulk,  
with trunk abased and leg thrust out behind!  
Annie returns the salute, much to the grati-  
fication of the elephant, who is certainly the  
best bred monster in the caravan. The lion  
and the lioness are busy with two beef  
bones. The royal tiger, the beautiful, the  
unmistakable, keeps pacing his narrow cage  
with a haughty step, unmindful of the spec-  
tators, or recalling the fierce deeds of his  
former life, when he was wont to leap forth  
upon such inferior animals from the jungles  
of Bengal.

Here we see the very same wolf—do not  
go near him, Annie!—the self-same wolf  
that devoured little Red Riding Hood, and  
her grandmother. In the next cage, a hyena  
from Egypt, who has doubtless howled  
around the pyramids, and a black bear from  
our own forests, are fellow-prisoners, and  
most excellent friends. Are there any two  
living creatures who have so few sympathies  
that they cannot possibly be friends! Here  
gits a great white bear, whose common ob-  
servers would call a very stupid beast, though  
I perceive him to be only absorbed in con-  
templation; he is thinking of his voyages on  
an iceberg, and of his comfortable home in  
the vicinity of the north pole, and of the lit-  
tle cubs whom he left rolling in the eternal  
snow. In fact, he is a bear of sentiment,—

But, oh, those unsentimental monkey! the  
ugly, grinning, aping, chattering, ill-natured,  
mischievous, and queer little brute! Annie  
does not love the monkeys. Their ugliness  
shocks her pure, instinctive delicacy of taste,  
and makes her mind uneasy, because it  
bears a wild and dark resemblance to hu-  
manity. But here is a little pony, just big  
enough for Anne to ride, and round and round  
he gallops in a circle, keeping time with his  
trampling hoofs to a band of music. And  
here—with a faced coat, and a cocked hat,  
and a riding-whip in his hand, here comes a  
little gentleman, small enough to be king of  
the fairies, and ugly enough to be king of  
the gnomes, and takes a flying leap into the  
saddle. Merrily, merrily, plays the music,  
and merrily gallops the pony, and merrily  
rides the little old gentleman. Come, Annie,  
into the street again; perchance we may see  
monkeys on horseback there!

Mercy on us, what a noisy world we quiet  
people live in! Did Annie ever read the  
cries of London city. With what lusty  
lungs doth yonder man proclaim that his  
wheelbarrow is full of lobsters! Here comes  
another man on a cart, and blowing a  
horn, and a dreadful blast from a tin horn, as  
much as to say "fresh fish!" And hark! a  
voice on high, like that of a murrain from  
the summit of a mosque, announcing that  
some chimney-sweeper has emerged from  
smoke and soot, and darkness caverns, into  
the upper air.

Sweet has been the charm of childhood on  
my spirit throughout my ramble with little  
Annie! Say not that it has been a waste of  
precious moments, an idle matter, a babble  
of childish imagination, about topics unwor-  
thy of a grown man's notice. Has it been  
merely this? Not so; not so. They are not  
truly wise who would affirm it. As the pure  
breath of children revives the life of aged  
men, so is our moral nature revived by their  
free and simple thoughts, their native feel-  
ings, their airy mirth for little cause or none,  
their grief soon roused, and soon allayed.—  
Their influence on us is at least reciprocal  
with ours on them. When our infancy is  
almost forgotten, and our boyhood long de-  
parted, though it seems but as yesterday;  
when life settles darkly down upon us, and  
we doubt whether to call ourselves young  
any more, then it is good to steal away from  
the society of bearded men, and even of gen-  
tler women and spend an hour or two with  
children. After drinking from those foun-  
tains of still fresh existence, we shall return  
into the crowd, as I do now, to struggle on-  
ward, and do our part in life, perhaps as  
forcibly as ever, but for a time, with a  
kinder and purer heart, and a spirit more  
lightly won. All by thy sweet magic, dear  
little Annie!

**LONDON BEGGARS.**

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette,  
writing from the "Great Metropolis," Lon-  
don, introduces the annexed in a late letter:  
"The number of beggars in London is  
very great: one meets them at every step.—  
Here is a poor fellow leaning upon a crutch,  
begging in the name of heaven for a penny  
to save him from starvation. Another step,  
and a feeble man, limping from disease or  
accident, supplicating aid for himself and  
starving children; and as one turns with  
aching heart from these wretched people an-  
other group is presented, consisting of a moth-  
er and several children, clothed in rags, ex-  
tremely hungry, the children clinging to the  
helpless parent, and all imploring for bread.  
Here is a poor man who has no employment  
he has a family, and they are starving; he  
sanders forth to beg; his evident misery  
excites the compassion of a very few, and  
he returns home only able to buy a two-pen-  
ny loaf, which must be the food of six per-  
sons for one day!" While gazing a moment  
at a beggar's destitution, a splendid state  
coach and four rolls by, with two out riders  
and two footmen, wearing cocked hats, and  
covered with shining lace. The Lord Mayor  
or will spend more in one banquet than the  
beggars can obtain the next year. A few  
pence further a singular object is crouched  
upon the pavement almost insensible. His  
clothing consists of the remnant of trousers  
and vest only, and these literally dripping  
from his emaciated limbs. Pale and ghastly  
like a patient recovering from a protracted  
illness, he has not animation enough to raise his  
eyes. Some human hand has chalked upon  
the pavement, "Come to this by starvation,"  
he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the  
Lord."

"On a gloomy Saturday evening, when  
the density of the atmosphere almost exceed-  
ed London itself, and rain fell in fitful show-  
ers, and gusts of wind swept rapidly through  
the narrow streets, I repaired to a particular  
street, supposing the time, weather, and  
place, well combined to depict the misery  
common to this great city. In a street  
where provisions are sold, the scene was of  
a most extraordinary character; some were  
selling, many begging, but few were giving.  
Among the throng, a little boy about six  
years old stood in the rain, without hat or  
shoes, and eagerly gazing into a butcher's  
stall where meat was arrayed for sale, the  
gas-light fell upon his visage, and exhibited  
an emaciated starving child. A penny was  
given to him, and he was watched to have  
bought a stick of candy or a toy, but not so  
with this starving boy.

He immediately ran to an eating-house,  
and selecting that of which he could procure  
the most, without much regard for quality,  
he came out devouring a handful of pudding  
which is merely peas boiled until they be-  
come soft and form a consistent mass,  
strangely enough called pudding. At the  
next step was to be seen a man, his wife,  
and three children, the latter crying for bread.  
These people have neither employment, money  
nor food, and they are all starving in a  
mass."

**AN OLD STORY NEWLY VAMPED.**

Old Elias Keyes, formerly first judge of  
Windsor county, Vermont, was a strange  
composition of folly and good sense, of nat-  
ural shrewdness and want of cultivation.—  
We remember the sentence he pronounced

upon a poor ragged fellow for petty larceny.  
The case was for stealing a pair of boots,  
from Gen. Curtis, then a man of consider-  
able wealth in the town of Windsor. It was  
proved that the General had lost his boots,  
and that they were found at the lodgings of  
the prisoner, and that of course, he stole  
them; so at least said the jury, and a jury  
you know are infallible.

"Well," said the Judge, very gravely,  
previous to pronouncing the sentence of the  
court, undertaking to read the young rascal  
a lecture, "you are a fine fellow to be ar-  
raigned before a Court, for stealing. They  
say you are poor—no one doubts it who  
looks at you, and how dare you, being poor,  
have the impudence to steal a pair of  
boots! Nobody but rich people have a  
right to take such things without paying for  
them! They say you are worthless—that is  
evident from the fact that no one has  
ever asked justice to be done you; all, by  
unanimous consent, pronouncing you guilty  
before you were tried. Now you, being so  
worthless, was a fool to steal, because you  
might know you would be condemned.—  
And then you perceive it was a great aggra-  
vation of your offence that you stole them  
in the large town of Windsor. Is that large  
town to commit such an act, is most horri-  
ble! And you not only go into Windsor to  
steal, but you must steal from that great  
man, Gen. Curtis. This caps the climax  
of your iniquity. Base wretch, why did  
you not go and steal the only pair of boots  
which some poor man had, or could get, and  
then you would have been let alone; nobody  
would have troubled themselves about the  
act! For your audacity in stealing in the  
great town of Windsor, and from the great  
Gen. Curtis, the court sentences you to three  
months imprisonment in the County jail, and  
God give you something to eat."

**SHORT PATENT SERMONS.**

BY HOW, JR.

My present discourse is drawn from this  
text:

You love your country mother earth;  
Of this I cannot doubt you—  
The soil is rich; but, from your birth,  
Why carry it about you?

My hearers—inwardly and outwardly you  
are more or less filthy. The scurf upon your  
heads is tantamount to that upon your head  
and other portions of your skin. Some of  
you appear as clean as a dog-licked platter  
upon the outside, while within you are as  
foul as an old musket. You once a week  
at least, seem to take a great deal of pains to  
rid yourselves of exterior dirt, but care not a  
straw for the moral mangle that infects the  
interior of the soul's habitation.

But, my hearers, I regret to say, that not  
a few of you are as careless of the carnal as  
of the spiritual portion. In fact, I have knowl-  
edge of two or three members of my church  
whose persons are so loaded with soil, that I  
wonder would not grow in the place of  
whiskers, and hop-vines flourish in lieu of  
hair. Such men can never enjoy anything  
more than a kind of counterfeit happiness in  
this world; for it is impossible to be happy  
without first feeling comfortable, and how, I  
ask, can a man feel comfortable with dirt  
enough about him to attract and support toads,  
tumble-bugs, muck worms, and ground mice?  
No, these folks must feel as uneasy all through  
life, as I would feel in a bed suspected of  
fleas and flavored of chinchiz. If they die  
in their filth, they will be filthy forever; but  
instead of being allowed to bedaub the costly  
furniture within the walls of salvation with  
their slime, they will receive orders from the  
ramparts to march downward to the quick-  
step tune of 'go to the devil and shake your-  
self.'

My friends—I like to see a man entertain  
an ardent love for his country; but his pa-  
triotism should induce him to eat of it  
with his porridge and potatoes; neither  
should he have such an attachment to the  
soil of his birth, as to take pride in carry-  
ing a cart-load of it into his neighbor's do-  
mest. Cleanliness is as necessary to the  
health of the body as pure virtue is to the  
wellfare of the mind, or soul, if you choose  
to call it, and he that neglects it commits a  
heinous crime, inasmuch as he is a self-  
murderer by omission, a defector, and a de-  
molisher of the beautiful temple built for  
him by Omnipotence, and which it were  
the worst kind of sacrilege for him to in-  
jure. You are surrounded with conveniences  
for performing daily ablutions; and yet,  
rather than spend a shilling, or take advan-  
tage of a few leisure minutes, you go about  
mucky, sticky and drooping, relying in vain  
upon pills and the wrong sort of piety, when  
nothing under the canopy of heaven is want-  
ed but soap, cold water and a clean shirt,  
to make you feel as though you belonged here.

My friends—not a little of our boasted  
soil is borne hither on the back of immigra-  
tion; and considerable of it is carried to for-  
eign shores by those who are too dirty and  
lazy to obtain a decent and permanent live-  
lihood any where. O! that a mighty Ganges  
rolled from pole to pole, and that all were  
possessed of just enough rusty religion, com-  
bined with sufficient superstition, to compel  
them to bathe daily in its waters, for the  
purification of both body and soul! The  
baptismal rite was ordained for a dualty of  
purposes; and I would recommend certain of  
my congregation to turn Baptists, and suffer  
the wholesome horrors of immersion, for the  
sake of having it said that they had been  
washed, at least once in their lives. If you  
ever expect to be saved, my friends, you  
must commence in season to make yourself  
clean; for nothing unless you can enter the  
gates of eternal happiness. Scour up your  
morals, apply soap and sand to your scurf-  
covered souls, and cleanse yourselves thor-  
oughly, from the outward skin to the inter-  
ior of the heart. You must begin now; for  
when Death calls for you, you will have no  
time to wash your feet, cut your too nails,  
and put on a clean garb of holiness. He  
will take you as he finds you, though you  
were never so filthy. Take care that you  
be not found more fit for the cellar kitchen  
below than for the grand parlor above, which  
is carpeted with righteousness and festooned  
with the amaranthine flowers of endless joy

and love. So mote it be.—[N. Y. Sun &  
Mercury.]

**A CASE OF TEMPTATION.**—The Harrisburg  
correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger says:  
"A case of somewhat singular nature came up  
before the Court on Thursday. A man named  
Kunkle, of this borough, for the purpose of testing  
a boy in his employ, placed 12 1/2 cents in a  
vest pocket as a bait for him, (he is about ten  
years of age) which he stole. Root prosecuted  
and the Grand Jury found a true bill! The case  
of defendant, John Kunkle, Esq., made a  
most successful defence. He took for his text  
the most striking part of the Lord's prayer—  
"Lead us not into temptation." One old gen-  
tleman was so pleased that he has ordered Mr.  
Kunkle a costly gold headed cane, having en-  
graved thereon "Lead us not into temptation!"  
—a just tribute to worth and talent, and a hint  
that an Emperor might envy. The jury return-  
ed a verdict of not guilty. The Judge took  
occasion to make some remarks which I think  
neither the Grand Jury, the Prosecuting Attor-  
ney, or the plaintiff relished in the least."

We see, by the New Orleans papers, that the  
officers of the army and navy of Texas are re-  
solutely preparing memorials to Congress, to have  
their case taken into consideration, and some  
remuneration, by transfer to the United States  
service or elsewhere, is demanded. We shall  
not soon see the end of the cost of Texas.—  
Louisville Journal.

**FATHER MATTHEW.**—A letter from Naples, re-  
lates that Father Matthew had been representa-  
tive at the Bishop, for his seat in the cause  
of Temperance and the excitement which he had  
produced. "Don't you know," said the Bishop,  
"that the publishers (bookkeepers) do not to ex-  
tain our religion than any body else?" Yes,"  
replied Father Matthew, "and I know that your  
brother is the greatest distiller in the country, and  
I know, too, that it is more important to secure  
the health, and happiness, and peace of our peo-  
ple, than it is to build up the Roman Catho-  
lic religion."

**BOWELL AND JOHNSON ON SUICIDE.**—A con-  
versation between Bowell and Johnson on this  
subject:

"Suppose, sir," said Bowell, that a man is  
absolutely sure that if he lives a few days longer,  
he shall be detected in fraud; the conse-  
quence of which will be utter disgrace and ex-  
pulsion from society?"

"Then, sir," said Johnson, "let him go where  
he is not known. Don't let him go to the devil,  
where he is known."

**THE COMMON PEOPLE.**—What a strange  
thing is this which we call civilization!—  
Where should we find the Rothschilds; the  
Girards, the Astors; the four and five story  
granite and marble houses; the splendid mid-  
night parties; the splendid furniture; the rich  
equipage of the opulent merchant, without  
the labor of those same toiling, drudging,  
shamefully wronged, common people, who  
alone create wealth, and who allow them-  
selves to be treated with cold indifference if  
not absolute contempt, by those who never  
earned a dollar in their lives?—Theo. Fitch.

**AGENTS FOR THE "BUGLE."**  
NEW GARDEN—David L. Galbreath,  
COLUMBIANA—Lot Holmes,  
COOK SPRING—T. Ellwood Vickars,  
MARTINEAU—Dr. K. G. Thomas,  
BENTLEY—Jacob H. Barnea,  
CANFIELD—John Ware,  
LOWELLVILLE—Dr. Butler,  
POLAND—Christopher Lee,  
YOUNGSTOWN—J. S. Johnson,  
NEW LYME—Hannibal Reeve,  
AKRON—Thomas P. Beach,  
NEW LEBANON—George Garretson,  
CINCINNATI—William Donaldson,  
SALINAVALLE—James Farmer,  
EAST FAIRFIELD—John Marsh,  
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